MONSIEVR D'OLIVE

A

Comedie, as it vvas ſundrie times acted by her *Maieſties children at the Blacke-Friers.*

By Geo. Chapmon.

LONDON
Printed by T. C. for *William Holmes*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Saint *Dun-Stons* Church-yard in Fleete ſtreete, 1606.

XUM

MONSIEVR
D'OLIVE
A
Comedie, as it vvas
lately acted by her
Majesties children at the Blacke-
Friers.
By Geo. Chapman.

MONSIEVR D'OLIVE.

ACTVS PRIMI.

Scæna Prima.

VANDOME with ſeruants and ſaylors laden,
VAVMONT, another way walking.

Vand.

COnuey your carriage to my brother in Lawes,
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*, to whome and to my Siſter,
Commend my humble ſeruice, tell them both
Of my arriuall, and intent t'attend them:
When in my way, *I* haue performd fit duties,
To Count *Vaumont*, and his moſt honoured Counteſſe.
Ser. We will Syr, this way, follow honeſt *S*aylors.
Exeunt Seruants.
Vand. Our firſt obſeruance, after any abſence
Muſt be preſented euer to our Miſtreſſe:
As at our parting ſhe ſhould ſtill be laſt,
Hinc Amor vt circulus, from hence tis ſaid
That loue is like a circle, being th'efficient
And end of all our actions; which excited
By no worſe abiect then my matchleſſe miſtreſſe
Were worthy to employ vs to that likeneſſe;
And be the onely Ring our powers ſhould beate,
Noble ſhe is by birth, made good by vertue,
Exceeding faire, and her behauiour to it,
Is like a ſingular Muſitian
To a ſweete *I*nſtrument, or elſe as doctrine
*I*s to the ſoule, that puts it into Act,

And prints it full of admirable formes
Without which twere an emptie, idle flame
Her eminent iudgement to diſpoſe theſe parts,
Sits on her browe and holds a ſiluer *Scepter*,
with which ſhe keepes time to the ſeuerall muſiques,
Plac't in the ſacred conſort of her beauties:
Loues compleat armorie is manadgd in her.
To ſtirre affection, and the diſcipline
To checke and to affright it from attempting
Any attaint might diſproportion her,
Or make her graces leſſe then circulars;
Yet her euen carriage, is as farre from coyneſſe
As from *Immodeſtie*, in play, in dancing
In ſuffering court-ſhip: in requiting kindneſſe.
In vſe of places, houres, and companies
Free as the *Sunne*, and nothing more corrupted,
As circumſpect as *Cynthia*, in her vowes,
And conſtant as the Center to obſerue them,
Ruthfull, and bountious neuer fierce nor dull,
In all her courſes euer at the full
Theſe three yeares, *I* haue trauaild, and ſo long
Haue beene in trauaile with her deareſt ſight,
Which now ſhall beautifie the enamour'd light.
This is her houſe, what? the gates ſhut and cleere
Of all attendants? Why, the houſe was wont
To hold the vſuall concourſe of a Court,
And ſee, me thinks through the encourtaind windowes
(*In* this high time of day) *I* ſee light Tapers,
This is exceeding ſtrange. *Behold* the Earle
Walking in as ſtrange ſort before the dore,
Ile know this wonder ſure: My honoured Lord?

Van. Keepe of *Sir* and beware whom you embrace,

Vand. Why flyes your Lordſhip back?

Van. You ſhould be ſure
To knowe a man your friend ere you embrac't him.

Vand. *I* hope my knowledge cannot be more ſure
Then of your Lordſhips friendſhip.

Van.

Van. No mans knowledge,
Can make him ſure of any thing without him
Or not within his power to keepe, or order.
Vand. I comprehend not this; and wonder much
To ſee my moſt lou'd Lord ſo much eſtrang'd.
Van. The truth is, I haue done your knowne deſerts
More wrong, then with your right ſhould let you greet me
And in your abſence, which makes worſe the wrong,
And in your honour, which ſtill makes it worſe.
Vand. If this be all my Lord, the diſcontent
You ſeeme to entertaine, is meerly cauſleſſe:
Your free confeſſion, and the manner of it,
Doth liberally excuſe what wrong ſoeuer,
Your miſ-conceit could make you lay on me,
And therefore, good my Lord diſcouer it,
That we may take the ſpleene, and corſey from it.
Van. Then heare a ſtrange report and reaſon, why
I did you this repented iniurie.
You know my wife is by the rights of courtſhip,
Your choſen Miſtreſſe, and ſhe not diſpoſde
(As other Ladies are) to entertaine
Peculiar termes, with common acts of kindneſſe:
But (knowing in her, more then womens iudgement,
That ſhe ſhould nothing wrong her husbands right,
To vſe a friend onely for vertue, choſen
With all the rights of friendſhip) tooke ſuch care
After the ſolemne parting to your trauaile,
And ſpake of you with ſuch exceeding paſſion,
That I grew iealous, and with rage excepted
Againſt her kindneſſe, vtterly forgetting
I ſhould haue waied ſo rare a womans words,
As duties of a free and friendly iuſtice:
Not as the head-ſtrong and incontinent vapors
Of other Ladies bloods, enflamed with luſt,
Wherein I iniured both, your innocencies,
Which I approue, not out of flexible dotage,

By any cunning flatteries of my wife,
But in impartiall equitie, made apparant
Both by mine owne well-waid compariſon
Of all her other manifeſt perfections,
With this one onely doubtfull leuitie,
And likewiſe by her violent apprehenſion
Of her deepe wrong and yours, for ſhe hath vowde,
Neuer to let the common Pandreſſe light,
(Or any doome as vulgar) cenſure her
In any action ſhe leaues ſubiect to them,
Neuer to fit the day with her attire,
Nor grace it with her preſence; Nouriſh in it,
(Vnleſſe with ſleepe) nor ſtir out of her chamber:
And ſo hath muffled and mewd vp her beauties
In neuer-ceaſing darkeneſſe, Neuer ſleeping,
But in the day tranſform'd by her to night:
With all Sunne baniſht from her ſmootherd graces:
And thus my deare and moſt vnmatched wife,
That was a comfort and a grace to me,
In euery iudgement, euery companie,
I, by falſe Iealouſie, haue no leſſe then loſt,
Murtherd her liuing, and emtoomd her quicke.

Vand. Conceit it not ſo deepely, good my Lord,
Your wrong to me or her, was no fit ground
To beare ſo waightie and reſolu'd a vowe,
From her inceenſed and abuſed vertues,

Van. There could not be a more important cauſe,
To fill her with a ceaſleſſe hate of light,
To ſee it grace groſe lightneſſe with full beames,
And frowne on continence with her oblique glances,
As nothing equalls, right to vertue done,
So is her wrong paſt all compariſon.

Vand. Vertue is not malitious, wrong done her
Is righted euer when men grant they Erre,
But doth my princely miſtreſſe ſo contemne
The glorie of her beauties, and the applauſe

Giuen

Giuen to the worth of her societie,
To let a voluntarie vowe obscure them;
Vau. See all her windowes, and her doores made fast,
And in her Chamber lights for night enflam'd,
Now others rise, she takes her to her bed.
Vand. This newes is strange, heauen grant I be encoun-
With better tydings of my other friendes, (terd
Let me be bold my Lord t'enquire the state
Of my deare sister, in whose selfe and me,
Survives the whole hope of our familie,
Together with her deare and princely husband
Th'Earle of Saint *Anne*.
Vau. Vnhappie that I am,
I would to heauen your most welcome steppes
Had brought you first vpon some other friend,
To be the sad Relator of the changes
Chanc't your three yeares most lamented absence,
Your worthy sister, worthier farre of heauen
Then this vnworthy hell of passionate Earth,
Is taken vp amongst her fellow starres.
Vand. Vnhappie man that euer *I* returnd
And perisht not ere these newes pierst mine eares.
Vau. Nay be not you that teach men comfort, grieued,
I know your iudgement will set willing shoulders
To the knowne burthens of necessitie:
And teach your wilfull brother patience,
Who striues with death, and from his caues of rest
Retaines his wiues dead Corse amongst the liuing,
For with the rich sweetes of restoring Balmes,
He keepes her lookes as fresh as if she liu'd,
And in his chamber (as in life attirde)
She in a Chaire sits leaning on her arme,
As if she onely slept: and at her feete
He like a mortified hermit clad,
Sits weeping out his life, as hauing lost
All his lifes comfort: And that she being dead

(Who was his greateſt part) he muſt conſume,
As in an Apoplexy ſtrooke with death.
Nor can the Duke nor Dutcheſſe comfort him,
Nor meſſagers with conſolatory letters,
From the kinde King of France, who is allyed
To her and you. But to lift all his thoughts
Vp to another world, where ſhe expects him,
He feedes his eares with ſoule-exciting muſicke,
Solemne and Tragicall, and ſo Reſolues
In thoſe ſadde accents to exhale his ſoule,

Van. O what a ſecond, Ruthles Sea of woes
Wracks mee within my Hauen, and on the Shore?
What ſhall I doe? mourne, mourne, with them that mourne,
And make my greater woes their leſſe expell,
This day Ile conſecrate to ſighes and teares
And this Next Euen, which is my miſtreſſe morning
Ile greete her, wondring at her wilfull humours,
And with rebukes, breaking out of my Loue,
And duetie to her honour, make her ſee
How much her too much curious vertue wrongs her

Van. Sayd like the man the world hath euer held you,
Welcome, as new lines to vs; our good Now
Shall wholly be aſcrib'de and truſt to you.

Exeunt.

Enter Rhoderique *and* Mugeron.

Mug. See, ſee, the vertuous Counteſſe hath bidden our (day
Good night, her ſtarres are now viſible: when was any
Lady ſeene to be ſo conſtant in her vow, and able to forbeare the ſociety of men ſo ſinceerely?

Rho. Neuer in this world, at leaſt exceeding ſeldome,
What ſhame it is for men to ſee women ſo farre ſurpaſſe them: for when was any man knowne (out of iudgement) to performe ſo ſtaied an abſtinẽce, from the ſociety of women.

Mug. Neuer in this world.

Rho.

Rhodorique. What an excellent Creature an honest woman is? I warrant you the Countesse, and her Virgine sister, spend all their times in Contemplation, watching to see the sacred Spectacles of the night, when other Ladies lye drownd in sleepe or sensualitie, ist not so thinke ye?

Mer. No question.

Rhoderic. Come, come, lets forget we are Courtiers, and talke like honestmen, tell truth, and shame all trauaylers and tradesmen: Thou beleeu'st all naturall beautie that shewes faire, though the Painter enforc'it, and suffer'st in Coules like how for the honorable Ladie.

Mer. Can thy heart of Adamant not yeeld in compassion to see spotlesse Innocencie suffer such bitter penaunce?

Rhoder. A very fitte stocke to graffe on: Tush man thinke what she is, thinke where she liues, thinke on the villanous cunning of these times, Indeed did we liue now in old *Saturnes* time: when women had no other art, than what Nature taught em (and yet there needes little Art, I wisse to teach a woman to dissemble) when Luxurie was vnborne, at least vntaught, the art to steale from a forbidden tree: when Coaches, white Perwigges, and painting, when Maskes, and Masking: in a word when Court and Courting was vnknowne, an easie mist might then perhappes haue wrought vpon my sence as it does now on the poore Countesse and thine.

Mer. O world!

Rho. O flesh!

Mer. O Diuell!

Rhod. I tell thee *Mercury*, the Flesh is growne so great with the Diuell, as there's but a little Honestie left i'th world. That, that is, is in Lawyers, they ingrosse all. Poore what gaue the first fire to the Counts Iealousie?

Mug. What but his misconstruction of her honourable affection to *Vandome*,

Rho. Honourable affection? first shees an ill huswife of her honour, that puts it vpon construction: but the presumption was violent against her, no speeche but of *Vandome*, no thought but of his memorie, no myrth but in his companie, besides the free entercourse of Letters, Fauours, and other entertainments, too too manifest signes that her heart went hand in hand with her tongue.

Mug. Why, was shee not his mistresse?

Rhod. I, I, a Court tearme, for I wotte what, slight *Vandome* the *Stallion* of the *Court*, her deuoted Seruant, and forsoothe loues her honourablie: Tush, hees a foole that beleeues it: for my part I loue to offende in the better part still, and that is, to iudge charitablie: But now forsoothe to redeeme her Honour, shee must by a laborious and violent kinde of *Purgation*, Rubbe off the *Skinne*, to wash out the spotte, Turne her *Chamber* to a *Cell*, the *Sunne* into a Taper, And (as if shee liu'd in another worlde amongst the *Antipodes*,) make our night her day, and our day her night, that vnder this curtaine, shee may laye his iealousie a sleepe, whiles shee turnes poore *Argus* to *Argus*, and makes his *Sheets* common to her Seruaunt *Vandome*.

Mug. *Vandome*? Why hee was mette i'th streete but euen now, newly arriv'd after three yeares trauaile.

Rhod. Newely arriv'd? hee has beene arriv'd this twelue-month, and has euer since lyne close in his mistresse cunning darkenesse, at her seruice.

Mug. Fye a the Deuill, who will not enuie slaunder? O the miserable condition of her Sexe; borne to liue vnder all construction. If shee be courteous, shees thought to be wanton: if shee be kinde, shees too willing: if coye, too wilfull: if shee be modest, shees a clowne, if shee bee honest, shees a foole: And so is hee.

Enter D'olive.

Rhod. What *Monsieur D'olive*, the onely admyrer of wit and good words.

D'ol. Morrowe wits, morrowe good wits: my little parcell of wit, *I* haue Roddes in pisse for you; how doest *Iacke*, may *I* call thee *Syr Iack* yet?

Mag. You may Syr: Syr as commendable an addition as *Iacke*, for ought *I* knowe.

D'ol. I know it *Iacke*, and as common too.

Rho. Go too, you may couer; wee haue taken notice of your embroydered Beuer:

D'ol. Looke you t' by Heauen tha'art one of the maddest bitter slaues in *Europe*, *I* doe but wonder how *I* made shifte to loue thee all this while.

Rho. Go too what might such a parcell guilt couer be worth?

Mag. Perhappes more then the whole peece besides.

D'ol. Good yfaith, but bytter, O you madde slaues, I thinke you had *Saqui*, to your fyres, yet *I* must loue you, *I* must take pleasure in you, and yfaith tell mee, how ist? liue *I* see you doe, but how? but how? witts?

Rho. Faith as you see, like poore younger Brothers.

D'ol. By your wittes?

Mag. Nay not turnd Poets neither.

D'ol. Good soothe: but indeede to say truth, Time was when the sonnes of the *Muses* had the priuiledge to liue onlie by their wits, but times are altered, *Monopolies* are nowe called in, & wits become a free trade for all sorts to liue by, Lawyers liue by wit and they liue worshipfully: Souldiers liue by wit, and they liue honourably: Panders liue by wit, and they liue honestlie. *I*n a word there are fewe trades but liue by wit, onely bawdes and Midwifes liue by Womens labours, as Fooles and *F*idlers do by making myrth, Pages and Parasits by making legges: Paynters and Players by

making mouthes and faces: he doest well wits?

Rho. Faith thou followest a figure in thy iests, as countrey Gentlemen followe fashions when they bee worne threed-bare.

D'ol. Well, well, lets leaue these wit skirmishes, and say when shall we meete?

Mug. How thinke you, are we not met now?

D'ol. Tush man, I meane at my chamber, where we may take free vse of ourselues, that is, drinke Sacke, and talke *Satyre*, and let our wits runne the wilde Goose chase ouer Court and Countrey; I will haue my chamber the Rende-vous of all good wits, the shoppe of good wordes, the Mint of good iestes, an Ordinary of fine discourse, Critickes, Essayists, Linguists, Poets, and other professors of that facultie of wit, shall at certaine houres ith day resort thither, it shall be a second *Sorbonne*, where all doubts or differences of Learning, Honour, Duellisme, Criticisme, and Poetrie shall be disputed: and how wits, do ye follow the Court still?

Rhod. Close at heeles sir, and I can tell you, you haue much to aunswere for your starres, that you doe not so too.

D'ol. As why wits? as why?

Rhod. VVhy sir, the Court's as twere the stage: and they that haue a good suite of parts and qualities, ought to presse thither to grace them, and receiue their due merite.

Dol. Tush, let the Court follow me: he that soares too heare the sunne, melts his wings many times: as I am, I possesse my selfe, I enioy my libertie, my learning, my wit, as for wealth and honor let am go, Ile not loose my learning to be a Lord, nor my wit to be an Alderman.

Mug. Admirable *D'olive*.

Dol. And what! you stand gazing at this Comet here, and admire it, I dare say.

Rhod. And do not you?

D'ol. Not I, I admire nothing but wit.

Rho.

Rhod. But I wonder how she entertaines time in that solitarie Cell: does she not take *Tobacco* think'st you?

D'ol. She does, she does: others make it their Physicke, she makes it her foode: her sister and she take it by turne, first one, then the other, and *Vandome* ministers to them both.

Mug. How, sayest thou by that *Helena* of Greece, the Countesses sister, there were a Paragon *Monsieur D'olive*, to admire and marrie too.

D'ol. Not for me.

Rhod. No, what acceptions lies against the choise.

D'ol. Tush, tell me not of choise, if I stood affected that way, I would chuse my wife as men do *Valentines*, blindfold, or draw cuts for them, for so I shall be sure not to be deceiued in choosing: for take this of me, there's ten times more deceipt in women then in Horse-flesh: and I say still, that a prettie well pic'd Chambermaid is the only fashion, if she grow full or fulsome, giue her but six pence to buy her a handbasket, and send her the way of all flesh, there's no more but so.

Mug. Indeed thats the sauingst way.

D'ol. O me! what a hell tis for a man to be tied to the continuall charge of a Couch, with the appurtenances, horse, men, and so forth; and then to haue a mans house pestered with a whole countrey of Guests, Groomes, Panders, waiting maides? &c. I carefull to please my wife, she careless to displease me, shrewish if she be honest, intolerable if shee be wise, imperious as an Empresse, all she does must be law, all shee sayes Gospell: O what a penance tis to endure her, I glad to forbeare still, all to keepe her loyall, and yet perhappes when all's done, my heyre shall be like my Horse-keeper: Fie on't, the very thought of marriage were able to coole the hottest liuer in France.

Rhod. VVell, I durst venture twice the price of your guilt Connies woolle, we shall haue you change your coppy ere a twelue moneths day.

Mag. We must haue you dubd ath order thers no remedie, you that haue vnmarryed, done such honourable seruice in the common-wealth, must needes receyue the honour due vnto marriage.

Rho. That hee may doe, and neuer marrie.

D'ol. As how wits, yfaith as how?

Rho. Nor if hee can prooue his father was free ath order, and that hee was his fathers sonne, then by the laudable custome of the Cittie, hee may bee a cuckold by his fathers coppie, and neuer serue fort.

D'ol. Euer good yfaith:

Mag. Nay howe can hee pleade that, when 't is as well knowne his father dyed a batcheler.

D'ol. Bitter, in veritie, bitter. But good still in it kinde.

Rho. Goe too, we must haue you follow the lanthorne of your forefathers.

Mag. His forefathers? S'body had hee more fathers then one.

D'ol. Why this is right: heers wit canuast out ans coate, into's Iacket: the string sounds euer well, that rubs not too much ath frets: *I* must loue your Wits, *I* must take pleasure in you. Farewell good wits, you know my lodging, make an Errand thether now and than, and saue your ordinarie, doe wits, doe.

Mag. Wee shall be troublesome tee.

D'ol. O God Syr, you wrong mee, to thinke *I* can, bee troubled with wit, *I* loue a good wit, as *I* loue my selfe, if you needea brace or two of Crownes at any time Addresse but your Sonnet, it shall bee as sufficient as your bonde at all times, *I* carrie halfe a score byrdes in a Cage, shall euer remaine at your call: Farewell wits, farewell good wits. *Exit.*

Rho.

Rho. Farewell the true mappe of a gull: by Heaven hee shall too'th *Court*: t'is the perfect model of an impudent vpstart: the compound of a Poet, and a Lawyer, hee shall sure too'th Court.

Mug. Naye for *Gods* sake, letts haue no fooles at Court.

Rho. Hee shall too't thats certaine, the Duke had a purpose to dispatch some one or other to the French King, to entreat him to send for the bodie of his Neece, which the melancoly Earle of *Saint Anne*, her husband hath kept so long vnburied, as meaning one graue should entombe himselfe and her together.

Mug. A very worthy subiect for an Ambassage, as *Dolive* is for an Ambassador Agent, and t'is as fitable to his braine, as his parcell guilt Beuer to his fooles head.

Rho. Well it shall goe hard but hee shall bee employd, O tis a most accomplisht asse, the mugrill of a Gull, and a villaine, the very essence of his soule is pure villany: The substance of his braine-foolery; one that beleeues nothing from the starres vpward. A Pagan in beleefe, an Epicure beyond beleefe, Prodigious in lust, Prodigall in wastfull expence, in necessary most penurious, his wit is to admire and imitate, his grace is to censure, and detract, he shall to'th Court, y faith hee shall thither, I will shape such employement for him, as that hee himselfe shall haue no lesse contentment, in making myrth to the whole Court, then the Duke and the whole Court shall haue pleasure in enioying his presence. A knaue if hee be riche, is fit to make an Officer, As a Foole if hee bee a knaue is fit to make an Intelligencer.

Exeunt.

ENTER.

Actus secundi Scena prima.

Enter Digue, Lizette, with Tapers.

Dig. What an order is this? Eleuen a clooke at night is our Ladies morning, and her houre to rise at, as in the morning it is other Ladies houres: these Tapers are our Sunnes, with which we call her from her bed. But I pray thee *Lizette* what makes the virgin Ladie, my Ladies sister, breake wind so continually, and sigh so tempestuously, I believe shees in loue?

Lyzet. With whom, can you tell?

Dig. Not very well, but certes thats her disease, a man may cast her water in her face: The truth is, t'is no matter what she is, for there is little goodnesse in her, I could neuer yet finger one Cardicue of her bountie: And indeed all bountie now adayes is dead amongst Ladies. This same *Bonitas* is quite put downe amongst am. But see, Now we shall discouer the heauinesse of this virgine Ladie, Ile eauesdroppe, and if it be possible, heare who is her Louer: For when this same amorous spirit possesses these young people, they haue no other subiect to talke of.

Enter Marcellina and Eury one.

Eur. O sister, would that matchlesse Earle euer haue wronged his wife with iealousie?

Mar. Neuer.

Eury. Good Lord what difference is in men? but such a man as this was euer seen to loue his wife, euen after death so dearely, to liue with her in death? To leaue the world and all his pleasures: all his friends and honours, as all were nothing, now his wife is gone, is it not strange?

Mar.

MAR. Exceeding strange.

EVRY: But sister should not the noble man be Chronicled if he had right, I pray you sister, should he not?

Mar: Yes, yes he should.

EVRY: But did you euer heare of such a Noble gentleman: did you sister?

MAR: I tell you no:

EVRY: And doe not you delight to heare him spoken of? and prais'd, and honord?

Doe you not Madame?

MAR. What should I say? I doe;

EVRY: Why very well: and should not euery woman that loues the Soueraigne honour of her Sexe, delight to heare him praisd as well as wee?

Good Maddam answere hartely?

MAR: Yet againe, who euer heard one talke so?

EVRY: Talk so? Why should not euery Lady talke so?

You thinke belike I loue the Noble man:
Heauen is my iudge if I: indeede his loue
And honour to his Wife is after death:
Would make a Fayry loue him, yet not loue.
But thinke the better of him, and sometimes,
Talke of his loue or so; But you know Maddam:
I cald her sister, and if I loue him,
It is but as my Brother I protest.

Another within.

VAND. Let me come in; Sir you must not enter:

MAR. What rude disordred noise is that within?

LYCIT. I know not Maddam,

DIQ. How now;

SIC: Whers my Lady?

MAR. What hath with you?

SIC: Maddame thers one at doore that askes to speake with you, admittes no answere but will enforce his passage to your honor.

MAR. what insolent guest is that?

EVRY. Who should he be,
That is so ignorant of your worth and custome?

Enter an other Seruant.

2 SER. Maddam het sone hath drawne his rapier on vs and will come in he sayes.

MAR. Tis is strange Rudenes,
What is his name, doe you not know the man?

SIG. No Maddam, tis too darke.

MAR. Then take a light,
See if you know him, if not raise the streetes

Exit LYCITTE walkes with a candle.

EVRY. And keepe the doore safe: what night-walker' this, that hath not light enough to see his rudenes.

Enter LYCITTE in hast.

LYCIT. O Maddame tis the Noble gentleman,
Monsieur VANDOME your Seruant.

EVRY: Is it he? is he returnd?

MAR: Hast commend me to him tel him I may not nor will not see him: for I haue vowd the contrary to all.

LYCIT. Maddam, we told him so a hundred times yet he will enter: [within]

Within: Hold, hold, keepe him back there:

MAR: What rudenes what strange insolence is this:

Enter VANDOME.

VAND: What shower is this? what fashion? what sad life?
What superstition of vn holy vow?
What place is this? O shall it ere be said
Such perfect Iudgement should be drownd in Humor?
Such beauty consecrate to Batts and Owles;
Here lyes the weapon that enforst my passage,
Sought in my loue, sought in regard of you:
For whom I will indure a thousand deaths,
Rather then suffer you to perish thus
And be the fable of the scornefull world;
Yf I offend you Lady kill me now,

Mar:

MAR: What shall I say? Alas my worthy Seruant,
I would to God I had not liu'd to be
A fable to the worlde, a shame to thee.
VAND Deare mistris heare me & forbeare these humors.
MAR Forbeare your vaine diffiuations
VAND. shall your iudgement?
MAR. I will not heare a word. EXIT MARB.
VVNT: Strange will in women; EXIT MARC.
What sayes my honorable virgin sister?
How is it you can brooke, this Batt-like life?
And sit as one without life?
EVRY: Would I were,
If any man would kill me, I de forgiue him.
VAN, O true fit of a maiden Melancholy?
Whence comes it, louely sister?
EVR: In my minde;
Your selfe hath small occasion to be merry?
That are arriu'd on such a haples Shore:
As beares the dead waight of so deare a Sister:
For whose decease being my deare Sister vow'd.
I shall for euer leade this desolate life.
VAN. Now heauen forbid, women in Loue with women;
Loues fire shines with too mutuall a refraction,
And both wayes weakens his cold beames too much:
To pierce so deeply tis not for her I know
that you are thus impassiond.
EVR: For her I would be sworne and for her husband,
VAN: I mary Sir, a quick man may doe much,
In these kinde of impressions.
EVR: See how I deby
You vnderstand me? these same trauailes,
That can liue any where, make iests of any thinge
And cast so farre from home, for nothing else
But to learne how they may cast of their friends,
She had a husband does not cast her of so,
O tis a rare, a Noble gentleman.

Well well, there is some other Bumble flutting
In your young bloud then a dead wooden Loue:
EVRY: No, ile be sworne.
VAND: Why is it possible?
That you, whose frolicke braue was euer slide,
With all the spirits of a mirthfull Lady,
Should be with such a sorrow so transformde,
Your most sweet hand in touch of Instruments:
Turnd to pick strawes, and fumble vpon Rushes;
Your heauenly voice, turnd into heavy sighes,
And your rare wit to in a manner fainted.
This cannot be, I know some other cause,
Fashions this strange effect, and that my selfe
Am borne to find it out and be your cure:
In any wound it forceth what braue,
But if you wil not, tell me at your perill.
EVRY: Brother,
VAND. Did you call?
EVRY: No 'tis no matter.
VAND: So then?
EVRY: Doe you heare?
Assure you are my kind and honor'd Brother,
Ile tell you all: I know too much
And both wayes we cannot
To pierce so deeply
you will be secret
VAND: Secret? ist a secret?
EVRY: No 'tis a trifle that torments one thus:
Did euer man take such a question,
When he had brought a woman to this passe?
VAND: What tis no Treason is it?
EVRY: Treason quoth he!
VAND: Well if it be, I will engage my quarters
With a faire Ladies eare, tell the secret
EVRY: Attending often times the Duke & Dutchesse,
To visit the most passionate Earle your Brother,

That

That Noble Gentleman

VAND: Well said put in that,

EVRY Put it in? why by my faith y'are such a man,
Ile tell no further, you are changed indeed
A meere Asse quoth you?

VAND: Why what meanes this,
Come Lady fourth, I would not loose the thanks
The credit and the honor I shall haue
For that most happy Good I know in Fate,
I am to furnish thy desires withall
For all this house in Gold.

EVRY Thanke you good Brother,
Attending (as I say) the Duke and Dutchesse
To the sad Earle.

VAND: That noble gentleman?

EVRY: Why is he not?

VAND: Beshrew my hart else,
The Earle quoth you, he cast not of his Wife.

EVRY: Nay looke you now,

VAND: Why does he pray?

EVRY: Why no.

VAN. Fourth then I pray you louers are so captious

EVRY: When I obserued his constancie in loue
His honor of his deere wiues memory,
His worthy sorrow, his life with her in death
I grew in loue, euen with his very mind.

VAND: O with his mind?

EVR: I by my troth no more, why

VAND: A good mind certainly is a good thing
And a good thing you know,

EVR. That is the chiefe?
The body without that, Alas is nothing,
And this his mind cast such a fier into me
That it hath halfe consum'd me, since I lou'd
His Wife so dearely that was deere to me
And euer I am saying to my selfe:

then happy should that woman be
That had her honord place in his true loue:
But as for me I know I haue no reason,
To hope for such a honor at his hands.
VAND: What at the Earles hands: I thinke so indeede.
Heauen I beseech thee was your loue so simple:
T'n flame it also with him? why hee's a husband:
For any Princesse any Queene or Empresse:
The Ladies of this land would teare him peece-meale:
(As did the drunken Froes, the THRATIAN HARPER)
To mary but a lymbe, a looke of him,
Heauens my sweet comfort: Set your thoughts on him.
EVR. O cruell man, dissembling trauailer,
Euen now you took vpon you to be sure
It was in you to satisfie my longings,
And whatsoeuer t'were, you would procure it,
O you were borne to doe me good, you know.
You would not loose the credit and the honor
You should haue by my satisfaction?
For all this house in Gold the very Fates.
And you were all one in your power to help me.
And now to come and wonder at my folly.
Mocke me? and make my Loue impossible
Wretch that I was, I did not keepe it in,
VAN, Alas poore sister; when a greefe is growne
Full home, and to the deepest then it breakes.
And ioy (Sunn like) out of a black cloude shineth.
But couldst thou thinke yfaith I was in earnest:
To esteeme any man without the reach
Of thy far-shooting beauties any name?
Too Good to subscribe to EVRIONE:
Here is my hand, if euer I were thought
A gentleman or would be still esteemd so
I will ouertubusly solicite for thee:
And with such cunning wind into his heart,
That I sustaine no doubt I shall dissolue

His ſeeled Melancholy be it neere ſo grounded.
On rationall loue, and graue Philoſophy,
I know my ſight will cheere him at the heart:
In whom a quick forme of my deare deade Sifter
Will fire his heauy ſpirrits. And all this
May worke that change in him, that nothing elſe
Hath hope to ioy in, and ſo farewel Sifter
Some few dayes hence, ile tell thee how I ſpeed.

EVR. Thankes honord Brother: but you ſhall not goe before you dine with your beſt loued Miſtris,
Come in ſweet Brother.

VAND: In to dinner now?
Midnight would bluſh, at that farewell, farewell:

EVR: Deere Brother doe but drinke or taſt a Banquet y-faith I haue moſt excellent conſerues
You ſhall come in, in earneſt, ſtay a little
Or will you drinke ſome Cordial ſtild waters,
After your trauel, pray thee worthy brother
Vpon my loue you ſhall ſtay: ſweet now enter.

VAND: Not for the world, commend my humble ſeruice,
And vſe all meanes to bring abroad my Miſtris.

EVR: I will in ſadnes, farewell happy brother. Exeunt.

¶ENTER PHILLIP. GVEAQ. IERONNIME. & MVGERON. GVEAQ. & IERO. ſit down to worke

PHIL. Come MVGERON, where is this worthy ſtate (man,
That you and Rhoderique would perſwade:
To be our worthy Agent into France,
The couller we ſhal lay on at t'inter,
The body of the long deceaſed Counteſſe,
The French Kings neece, whom her kind husband keepes
With ſuch great coſt, and care from burriall:
Will ſhew as probable as can be thought.
Thinke you he can be gotten to performe it

MVG: Feare not my Lo: The wizzard is as forward,
To vſurpe greatnes, as all greatnes is:
To abuſe vertue, or as riches honor.
You cannot loade the Aſſe with too much honor.

He shall be yours my Lord Rhoderique and I
Will giue him to your highnes for your foote-cloth.

PHIL: How happens it he had concealed so long

MVG: Hee his humor sir, for he sayes still
His iocund mind loues pleasure aboue honor,
His swindge of liberty, aboue his life,
It is not safe (sayes he) to build his nest
So neere the Eagle, his mynd is his Kingdome,
His chamber is a Court of all good wits,
And many such rare sparkes of resolution,
He blesseth his most loued selfe withall.
As presently, your excellence shall heare.
But this is one thing I had halfe forgotten.
With which your highnes needs must be prepar'd,
I haue discourst with him about the office;
Of an Ambassador, and he stands on this.
That when he once hath kist your Highnes hand,
And taken his dispatch he then presents
Your Highnes person hath your place and power,
Must put his hat on, vse you, as you him:
That you may see before he goes how well
He can assume your presence and your greatnes.

PHIL. And with he practise his new state before vs?

MVG: I and vpon you too, and kisse your Duchesse,
As you vse at your parting.

PHIL: Out vpon him, she will not let him kisse her

MVG: He will kisse her, to doe your person right.

PHIL: It will be excellent:
She shall not know this till he offer it:

MVG: See see, he comes.

Enter Rhod: Monf: Dolue
& Paque.

RHO. Heere is the gentleman
Your highnes doth deliuer to doe you honor
In the presenting of your princely parson
And going Lord Ambassador to th French King,

PHIL: Is this the gentleman whose worth so highly
You recommend to our election?

AMBO: This is the man my Lord.

PHIL: Wee vnderstand Sir:
We haue beene wronged, by being kept so long
From notice of your honorable parts
Wherein your country claimes a deeper interest
Then your meere priuate selfe, what makes vs Nature
Fashion in vs thus excellent creatures
Of haughty courage, great wit, wise some incredible

DOLL: It pleaseth your good excellence to say so.

PHI: But that the aymes therein at publique good
And you in duty thereto of your selfe
Ought to haue made vs tender of your parts
And soone remoou'd them tirant-like aliue

RHO: We for our parts, my Lord are not in fault,
For we haue spurnd him forward euermore,
Letting him know how fit an instrument
He was to play vpon a stately Musique.

MVSO, And if he had bin ought else but an Asse
Your Grace ere this time long had made him great
Did not we tell you this?

DOLL: Oft times,
But sure my honord Lord the times before
Were not as now they be, thankes to our fortune
That we inioy so sweet and wise a prince
As is your gratious selfe; for then it was pollicie
To keepe all with of hope still vnder hatches
Farre from the Court, least their exceeding parts
Should ouer shine those that were then in place
And t'was our happines, that we might vse so
For in that freely shoold it obscure
Wee found our safetie, which most of late
Many times lost, and lahlas for my part
Shrunk my despised head in my poore shell
For your Graces excellence, I know you well

PHI, T was much you could restraine your selfe, hauing
So great meanes to haue had a greater place.
DOL: Faith Sir I had a poore roome, or a paire
To shade me from the Sunne, and three or foure eyes
To shrow'd me from the Rayne, and though my selfe
As priuate as I had King Giles Ring,
And could haue gone inuisible, yet saw all
That past our states foughten both neere and farre,
There saw I our great Gallantes rolle
Vpon the wallowing waues, vp with one billow
And then downe with another. Our great nauie
Like to a Masse of clowdes that now seeme like
An Elephant, and straight waues like an Oxe
And then a Mouse, or like those changeable creatures
That liue in the Burdello, now in Sattin
To morrow next in Stammell.
When I sate all this while in my poore cell
Secure of lightning, or the sodaine Thunder
Conuerst with the poore Muses, gaue a scholler
Forty or fifte crownes a yeare to teach me
And prate to me about the predicables
When indeede my thoughts flew a higher pitch
Then Genus and Species as by this taste
I hope your highnes happily perceiues
And shall hereafter more at large approue
If any worthy opportunitie
Make but her fore topp subiect to my hold
And so I leaue your Grace to the tuition
Of him that made you.
RHO: Soft good Sir I pray.
What sayes your Excellence to this gentleman
Haue I not made my word good to your highnes?
PHI: Well Sir, how euer Enuious policie
Hath rob'd my predicessors of your seruice
You must not escape my hands, that haue design'd

pre-

preſent employment for you, and tis this
T'is not vnknowne vnto you; with what griefe
Wee take the ſorrow of the Earle Saint Anne
For his deceaſed wife; with whoſe dead light
Hee feeds his paſſion, keeping her from rights
Of chriſtian buriall, to make his eyes
Doe penaunce by their euerlaſting teares
For looſing the deare light of her quick beames.

DOL: Well ſpoke y-faith, your grace muſt giue me leaue
To praiſe your wit, for faith tis rarely ſpoken.

PHIL: The better for your good commendation
But Sir your Ambaſſy to the French King
Shall be to this effect; thus you ſhall ſay.

DOL: Not ſo, your Excellence ſhall pardon me
I will not haue my tale put in my mouth
If you'le deliuer me your mind in groſe
Why ſo I ſhall expreſſe it as I can
I warrant you t'wilbe ſufficient.

PHIL: T'is very good, then Sir my will in groſe
Is that in pitty of the ſad Countes caſe
The King would aske the body of his Neece
To giue it Funerall fitting her high blood,
Which (as your ſelfe requires and reaſon wills)
I leaue to be enfor ſt and amplyfied
With all the Ornaments of Arte and Nature
Which flowes I ſee in your ſharp intellect.

DOL: Ahlas you cannot ſee't in this ſhort time
But there be, ſome not far hence that haue ſeene
And heard me too ere nowe I could haue wiſht
Your highnes preſence in a priuat Conuenticle
At what time the high point of ſtate was handled.

PHIL: What was the point?

DOL: It was my hap to make a number there
My ſelfe (as euery other Gent eman)
Beeing inuelled in that graue affayre
Where I deliuer'd my opinion; how well?

DOL: What was the matter pray?
The matter, Sir,
Was of an antient subiect, and yet newly
Cald into question; And t'was this a breefe
We sate as I remember all in rowe,
All sorts of men together,
A Squier and a Carpenter, a Lawier and a Sawier,
A Marchant and a Broker, a Iustice and a peasant,
and so forth without all difference

PHIL: But what was the matter?

DOL, Faith a stale argument though newly handled
And I am fearefull I shall shame my selfe:
The subiect is so thred bare

PHIL: 'Tis no matter be as it will go to ypoint I pray,

DOL: Then thus it is; the question of estate
(Or the state of the question) was in briefe
whether in an Aristocratie
Or in a Democriticall estate
Tobacco might be brought to lawfull vse
But had you heard the excellent speeches there
Touching this part
MVG: KHO: Pray thee to the poine

DOL: First to the point then,
Vpstart a weauer, blowne vp b'inspiration
That had borne office in the congregation
A little fellow and yet great in spirit
I neuer shall forget him; for he was
A most hot liuer'd enemie to Tobacco
His face was like the ten of Diamonds
Pointed each where with pusshes; and his Nose
Was like the Ase of clubs (which I must tell you
Was it that set him, and Tobacco first at such hot Enmitie
for that nose of his (according to the Puritannick out Jhauing a narrow bridge, and this Tobacco: being in drink durst not passe by and finding stopt his narrow passage fled backe as it came and went away in Pete.

MVG: Iust cause of quarrell.

PHI: But pray thee briefely say what said the weauer.

DOL: The weauer Sir much like a virginall iack
Start nimbly vp; the culler of his beard
I scarse remember; but purblind he was
With the GENEVA print, and wore one eare
Shorter then tother for a difference.

PHI: A man of very open note in seemes.

DOL: He was so Sir, and hotly he inveighd
Against Tobacco (with a most strong breath
For he had eaten garlicke the same morning)
As t'was his vse partly against ill ayres
Partly to make his speeches fauorie
Said t'was a pagan plant, a prophane weede
And a most sinfull smoke, that had no warrant
Out of the word; inuented sure by Sathan
In theise our latter dayes, to cast a mist
Before mens eyes, that they might not behold
The grosenes of olde superstition
Which is as t'were deriu'd into the church
From the fowle sinke of Romish popery
And that it was a iudgement on our land
That the substantiall commodities
And mighty blessings of this Realme of France
Bells, Rattles, hobby horses and such like
Which had brought so much wealth into the Land
Should now be chang'd into the smoke of vanitie
The smoke of superstition; for his owne part
He held a Garlick cloue being sanctifyed
Did edifie more the body of a man
Then a whole tun of this prophane Tobacco
Being taine without thanke-giuing; in a word
He said it was a ragge of Popery
And none that were truely regenerate would
Prophane his Nosthrils with the smoke thereof
And speaking of your grace behind your backe,

He chargd and coniur'd you on pe the vſe,
Of vaine Tobacco, banſht from the land,
Forfeare leaſt for the great abuſe thereof
Or candle were put out; and therewithall
Taking his handker-chiefe to wipe his mouth
As he had told a lie, he tun'd his noſe
To the olde ſtraine as if he were preparing
For a new exerciſe, But I my ſelfe
[Angry to heare this generous Tabacco
The Gentlemans Saint and the ſouldiers idoll
So ignorantly poluted] ſtood me vp
Tooke ſome Tabacco for a complement
Brake fleame ſome twiee or thrice, then ſhooke mine eares
And lickt my lipps, as if I begg'd attention
and ſo directing me to your ſweet Grace
Thus I replyed,

RHO: MVG: Rome for a ſpeach there. Silence

DOL- I am amuſed, or I am in a quandarie gentlemen [for in good faith I remember not well whether of them was my words]

PHI: Tis no matter either of them will ſerue the turne

DOL: Whether I ſhould (as the Poet ſayes) eloquar, an ſiliam? whether by anſwering a foole I ſhould my ſelfe ſeeme no leſſe; or by giving way to his winde (for words are but winde) I might betray the cauſe; to the maintaynance whereof, all true Troyans (from whoſe race we claime our decent) owe all their patrimonies; and if neede be their deareſt blood, and their ſweeteſt breath, I would not be tedious to your highnes:

PHI: You are not Sir: Proceede:

DOL. TABACCO that excellent plant, the vſe whereof [as of fift Element] the world cannot want, is that little ſhop of Nature, wherein her whole workeman-ſhip is abridg'd, where you may ſee Earth kindled into fier, the fire breath out an exhalation, which entring in at the mouth walkes through the Regions of a mans brayne, drives

out

ouer all ill Vapours but withall drawes downe all bad Humors by the the mouth, which in time might breed a Scabbe ouer the whole body, if already they haue not a plant of singular vse; for on the one side Nature being an Enemie to Vlcerits and dropsies, and on the other there beeing so many empty braines in the World as there are, how shall Natures course be continued? How shall these empty braines be filled but with ayre, Natures immediate instrument to that purpose? If with ayre, what so proper as your fume? what fume so healthfull as your perfume? what perfume so soueraigne as Tabacco? Besides the excellent edge it giues a mans wit, (as they can best iudge that haue been present at a feast of Tabacco where commonly all good wits are conferred) what varietie of discourse it begetts? What sparkes of wit it yeelds; it is a world to heare: as likewise to the courage of a man, for if it be true, that Iohannes de sauo et sauo et writes, that hee that drinkes Veriuice pisseth vinegere, then it must needs follow to be as true, that hee that eates smoke, farts fire; for Garlicke I will not say because it is a plant of our owne country; but it may cure the diseases of the country, but for the diseases of the Court, they are out of the Element of Garlick to medicine; to conclude as there is no enemy to Tabacco but Garlick, so there is no friend to Garlick, but a sheeps head and so I conclude.

PHIL: Well Sir, Yf this be but your Naturall vaine
I must confesse I knew you not indeede
When I made offer to instruct your brayne
For the Ambassage, and will trust you now
If t'were to send you fourth to the great Turke
With an Ambassage.

DOL: But Sir in conclusion
It was orderd for my speach, that since Tobacco
Had so long bin in vse, it should thence fourth

Be brought to lawfull vse; but limited thus
That none should dare to take it but a gentleman
Or he that had some gentlemanly humor
The Mare, the Head-ach, the Cattar, the bone-ach
Or other branches of the sharpe salt Rhewme
Fitting a gentleman.

RHO: Your grace has made choise
Of a most simple Lo: Ambassador

PHI: Well Sir you needs not looke for a commission
My hand shall well dispatch you for this busines
Take now the place and state of an Ambassador
Present our parson and performe our charge
And so farewell good Lord Ambassador

DOL: Farewell good Duke and GVEA QVIN to thee

GVE: How now you fool? out you presumptious gull

D'OL: How now you baggage? sfoote, are you so coy
To the Dukes parson, to his second selfe?
are you so good dame to enlarge your selfe
Vnto your proper object? flight twere a good deede

GVE: What meanes your grace to suffer me abus'd thus

PHI: Sweet Loue be pleas'd, you do not know this Lord
Giue me thy hand my Lord:

DOL: And giue me thine

PHIL: Farewell againe

D'OL: Farewell againe to thee

PHI: Now go thy ways for an ambassador [Exiunt PHIL
D'OL: Now goe thy wayes for a Duke [Gueaq; Iero:

MVG: RHO: Most excellent Lord,

RHO. Why this was well performd and like a Duke
Whose parson you most naturally present

D'OL: I told you, I would doo't, now lle begin
To make the world take notice I am noble
The first thing I will doe ile sweare to pay
No debts vpon my honor.

MVG: A good cheape proofe of your Nobilitie

D'ol. But if I knew where I might pawne mine honor,
For ſome odd thouſand Crownes, it ſhalbe layd:
Ile pay't againe when I haue done withall;
Then twill be expected I ſhalbe of ſome Religion,
I muſt thinke of ſome for faſhion, or for faction ſake,
As it becomes great perſonages to doe:
Ile thinke vpon't betwixt this and the day.

Rho. Well ſayd my Lord; this Lordſhip of yours wil worke a mighty alteration in you: do you not feele it begins to worke alreadie?

D'ol. Fayth onely in this; it makes mee thinke, how they that were my Companions before, ſhall now be my fauorites: They that were my Friends before, ſhall now be my followers: They that were my Seruants before, ſhall now be my knaues: But they that were my Creditors before, ſhall remaine my Creditors ſtill.

Mug. Excellent Lord: Come, will you ſhew your Lordſhip in the Preſence now?

D'ol. Faith I do not care, if I go and make a face or two there, or a few gracefull legges; ſpeake a little Italian, and away; there's all a Preſence doth require.

FINIS ACTVS SECVNDI.

ACTVS TERTII. *Sæna prima.*

Enter Vandome, and St. Anne.

St. Anne.

YOu haue enclinde me more to leaue this life,
Then I ſuppoſde it poſsible for an Angell;
Nor is your iudgement to ſuppreſſe your paſsion:
For ſo deare lou'd a Sifter (being as well
Your blood and fleſh, as mine) the leaſt enforcement
Of your diſswaſiue arguments. And beſides,
Your true reſemblance of her, much ſupplies
Her want in my affections; with all which,
I feele in theſe deepe griefes, to which I yeeld
A kind of ſalce ſluggiſh (and rotting ſweetnes,)

Mixt with an humour where all things in life,
Lie drownd in ſower, wretched, and horred thoughts:
The way to cowardly deſperation opened,
And whatſoeuer vrgeth ſoules accurſt:
To their deſtruction, and ſometimes their plague,
So violently gripes me, that I lie
Whole dayes and nightes bound at his tirranous feete:
So that my dayes are not like life or light,
But bittereſt death, and a continuall night.

Vand. The ground of all is vnſuffiſed Loue,
Which would be beſt eaſd with ſome other obiect:
The generall rule of *Naſo* being autentique
Quod ſucceßore nouo vincitur omnis Amor:
For the affections of the minde drawne foorth
In many currents, are not ſo impulſiue
In anie one; And ſo the *Perſian* King
Made the great Riuer *Ganges* runn diſtinctly
In an innumerable ſort of Channels;
By which meanes, of a fierce and dangerous Flood,
He turnd it into many pleaſing Riuers:
So likewiſe is an Armie diſarayd,
Made penetrable for the aſſaulting foe:
So huge Fiers being deffuſed, grow aſſwadgd:
Laſtly, as all force being vnite, increaſeth;
So being diſpearſt, it growes leſſe ſharpe, and ceaſeth.

S. Anne. Ahlas, I know I cannot loue another,
My hart accuſtomd to loue onely her,
My eyes accuſtomd to view onely her,
Will tell me whatſoeuer is not her, is foule and hatefull.

Vand. Yet forbeare to keepe her
Still in your ſight: force not her breathles body
Thus againſt Nature to ſuruiue, being dead:
Let it conſume, that it may reaſſume
A forme incorruptible; and refraine
The places where you vſde to ioy in her:
Heu fuge dilectas terras, fuge littus Amatum:
For how can you be euer ſound or ſafe,
Where in ſo many red ſteps of your wounds,

Gaſpe

Gaſpe in your eyes? with change of place be ſure,
Like ſicke men mending, you ſhall find recure.

Enter the Duke, D'olive, Gueaquin, Ieronime, Muge, Rhod. to ſee the dead Counteſſe that is kept in her attire vnburied.

D'ol. Fayth Madam, my companie may well be ſpard at ſo mournefull a viſitation: For, by my ſoule, to ſee *Pigmalion* dote vpon a Marble Picture, a ſenceles Statue, I ſhould laugh and ſpoyle the Tragedie.

Gue. Oh, tis an obiect full of pittie my Lord.

D'ol. Tis pittie in deed, that any man ſhould loue a woman ſo conſtantly.

Duke. Bitterly turnd my Lord: we muſt ſtill admire you.

D'ol. Tuſh my Lord, true Manhood can neither mourne nor admire: It's fitt for Women, they can weepe at pleaſure, euen to admiration.

Gue. But men vſe to admire rare things, my Lord.

D'ol. But this is nothing rare; Tis a vertue common for men to loue their Wiues after death: The value of a good Wife (as all good things elſe) are better knowne by their want, then by their fruition: for no man loues his Wife ſo well while ſhe liues, but he loues her ten times better when ſhee's dead.

Rho. This is ſound Philoſophie, my Lord.

D'ol. Faith, my Lord, I ſpeake my thoughts; and for mine owne part, I ſhould ſo ill indure the loſſe of a Wife (alwayes prouided, I lou'd her) that if I loſt her this weeke, I'de haue another by the beginning a'th next: And thus reſolu'd, I leaue your Highnes to deale with *Atropos*, for cutting my Ladyes threed: I am for *France*; all my care is for Followers to Imp out my Traine: I feare I muſt come to your Grace for a Preſſe; for I will be followd as becomes an honorable Lord: and that is, like an honeſt Squire: for with our great Lords, followers abrod, and Hoſpitalitie at home, are out of date: The world's now growne thriftie: He that fils a whole Page in folio, with his Stile; thinkes it verieſt Noble, to be mand with one bare Page and a *Pandare*; and yet *Pandare* in auntient time, was the name of an honeſt Courtier; what tis now, *Videris vibrat*: Come Witts, let's to my Chamber. *Exeunt. Manent Vando, S. An.*

Vando. Well now my Lord, remember all the reasons
And arguments I vsde at first to you,
To draw you from your hurtfull passions:
And therewithall, admit one further cause,
Drawne from my loue, and all the powers I haue;
Euryone, vow'd sister to my sister,
Whose vertues, beauties, and perfections,
Adorne our Countrie, and do neerest match
With her rich graces, that your loue adores,
Hath wounded my affections; and to her
I would intreat your Lordships gracefull word:

S. Anne. But is it true? Loues my deare brother now?
It much delights me, for your choyce is Noble:
Yet need you not vrge me to come abrode,
Your owne worth will suffize for your wisht speed.

Vand. I know my Lord, no man alue can winn
Her resolu'd iudgment from virginitie,
Vnlesse you speake for him, whose word of all Dames
Is held most sweet, and worthie to perswade them.

S. Anne. The world will thinke mee too phantasticall,
To ope so sodenly my vow'd obscurenes.

Vand. My Lord, my loue is suddaine, and requires
A suddaine remedie: If I be delayed,
Consider Loues delay breedes desperation,
By waighing how strongly Loue workes in your selfe.

S. Anne. Deare Brother, nothing vnderneath the Starres,
Makes mee so willing to pertake the ayre,
And vndergo the burden of the world,
As your most worthy selfe, and your wisht good:
And glad I am that by this meanes I may
See your descent continued, and therein
Behold some new borne Image of my wife:
Deare life, take knowledge that thy Brothers loue,
Makes me dispaire with my true zeale to thee:
And if for his sake I admit the Earth
To hide this treasure of thy pretious beauties,
And that thy part suruiuing, be not pleasd,
Let it appeare to mee ye iust assisters

Of all intentions bent to ſoueraigne iuſtice;
And I will follow it into the Graue,
Or dying with it; or preſerue it thus,
As long as any life is left betwixt vs. *Exeunt.*

Enter Monſeuer, D'olive, Rhoderique.

D'ol. But didſt note what a preſence I came of with all?

Rho. Sfoot, you drew the eyes of the whole preſence vpon you: There was one Ladie a man might ſee her hart Readie to ſtart out of her eyes to follow you.

D'ol. But *Monſeuer Muſtapha* there kept ſtate, When I accoſted him; s'light the Braſen head lookt to be Worſhipt I thinke: No Ile commit no Idolatrie for the proudeſt Image of'am all, I.

Rho. Your Lordſhip has the right garbe of an excellent Courtier, reſpects a Clowne, ſupple ioynted, courteſies a verie peagoſe; tis ſtiffe ham'd audacity that carries it; get once within their diſtance, and you are in their boſoms inſtantly.

D'ol. S'hart doe they looke? I ſhould ſtande aloofe, like a Scholares, & make leggs at their greatnes: No Ile none of that; come vp cloſe to him, giue him a clap a'th ſhoulder ſhall make him crie oh againe: it's a tender place to deale withal, and ſay, Well encountерd noble *Brutus.*

Rho. Thats the oncly way indeed to be familiar.

D'ol. S'foot Ile make leggs to none, vnleſſe it be to a Iuſtice of peace when he ſpeakes in's Chaire, or to a Conſtable when he leanes on's Staffe, thats flat: ſoftnes and modeſtie ſauors of the Cart, tis boldnes boldnes does the deed in the Court: and as your Camelion varries all cullours a'th Rainebow both white and red, ſo muſt your true Courtier be able to varrie his countenance through all humors; State, Strangnes, Scorne, Mirth, Melancholie, Flatterie, and ſo foorth: ſome cullours likewiſe his face may change vpon occaſion, Blacke or Blew it may, Tawnie it may; but Redd and White at no hand, auoyde that like a Sergeant: keepe your cullour ſtiffe, vnguiltie of paſſion or diſgrace, not changing White at ſight of your Mercer, nor Red at ſight of your Surgeon: aboue all ſinnes, heauen ſheild mee from the ſinne of bluſhing; it does ill in a young Waighting-

woman, but monſtrous monſtrous, in an old Courtier.

Rho. Well, all this while your Lordſhip forgets your Ambaſſage; you haue giuen out, you will be gone within this moneth, and yet nothing is readie.

D'ol. Its no matter, let the Moone keepe her courſe: and yet to ſay trueth, t'were more then time I were gone, for by heauen I am ſo haunted with Followers, euerie day new offers of Followers: But heauen ſhield me from any more Followers. How now, whats the newes?

Enter Muge, and two others.

Mug. My Lord, heere's two of my ſpeciall Friends, whom I would gladly commend to follow you in the honorable action.

D'ol. S'foote, my eares are double lockt againſt Followers, you know my number's full, all places vnder mee are beſtowde: Ile out of towne this night tha'ts infallible; Ile no more Followers, a mine honour.

Mug. S'light Lord, you muſt entertaine them, they haue paid me their income, and I haue vndertaken your Lordſhippe ſhall grace them.

D'ol. Well my Maiſters, you might haue come at a time when your entertainement would haue proou'd better then now it is like: but ſuch as it is, vpon the commendation of my Steward here

Mug. A pox a your Lor. Steward?

D'ol. Y'are welcome in a word: deſerne and ſpie out.

Ambo. Wee humbly thanke your Lordſhip.

D'ol. *Mugeron*, let'am be enterd.

Mug. In what rancke my Lord, Gentlemen or Yomen?

D'ol. Gentlemen, Their bearing berayes no leſſe, it goes not alwayes by apparrell: I do alow you to ſuite your ſelues anew in my Cullours at your owne charges.

Amb. Thanke your good Lordſhip.

D'ol. Thy name firſt, I pray thee?

Cor. *Cornelius*, My Lord.

D'ol. What profeſion?

Cor. A Surgeon an't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

D'ol. I had rather th'hadſt been a Barber, for I thinke there wilbe little blood-ſhed amongſt my Followers, vnleſſe it be of thy letting: Ile ſee their nailes parde before they goe. And yet now I bethinke my ſelfe, our Ambaſſage is into *Fraunce*, there may be employment for thee: haſt thou a Tubbe?

Cor. I would be loth, my Lord, to be diſlocated or vnfurniſht of any of my properties.

D'ol. Thou ſpeak'ſt like thy ſelfe *Cornelius*: booke him downe Gentleman.

Mug. Verie well Sir.

D'ol. Now your profeſsion, I pray?

Frip. Fripperie, my Lord, or as ſome tearme it, *Petty Prokery*.

D'ol. An honeſt man Ile warrant thee, I neuer knew other of thy trade.

Frip. Trulie a richer your Lordship might haue,
An honeſter I hope not.

D'ol. I beleeue thee *Pettie Broker*: canſt burne Gold-lace?

Frip. I can do anie thing, my Lord, belonging to my trade.

D'ol. Booke him downe Gentleman, heele do good vpon the voyage I warrant him: prouide thee a Nagge *Pettie Broker*, thou'l finde employment for him doubt not: keepe thy ſelfe an honeſt man, and by our returne I doe not doubt but to ſee thee a rich Knaue: Farewel *Pettie Broker*, prepare your ſelues againſt the day; this Gentleman ſhall acquaint you with my Cullours: Farewell *Fripper*, Farewell *Pettie Broker*: Deſerue and ſpie out is my *Motto*. *Exeunt.*

Amb. God continue your Lordship.

Rho. A verie ſeaſonable praier,
For vnknowne to him, it lies now vpon his death-bedd.

D'ol. And how like you my Chamber good Witts?

Rho. Excellent well Sir.

D'ol. Nay beleeue it, it ſhall do well (as you will ſay) when you ſee't ſet foorth ſutable to my proiect:
Here ſhall ſtand my Court Cupbord, with it furniture of Plate:
Heere ſhall runne a Wind Inſtrument: Heere ſhall hang my baſe Viall: Heere my Theorbo: and heere will I hang my ſelfe.

Amb. I will

Amb. T will do admirable well.

D'ol. But how will I hange my ſelfe good witts? Not in perſon, but in Picture; I will be drawne.

Rho. What hangd and drawne too?

D'ol. Good againe: I ſay I wilbe drawne, all in compleat Satten of ſome Gourtly cutlour, like a Knight of *Cupids* band; On this ſide ſhalbe ranckt Chaires and Stooles, and other ſuch complements of a Chamber: This corner will be a conuenient roome for my Cloſe ſtoole: I acquaint you with all my priuities, you ſee.

Mug. I Sir, we ſmell your meaning.

D'ol. Heere ſhalbe a Pearch for my Parrat, while I remaine vnmarried, I ſhall haue the leſſe miſſe of my Wife: Heere a Hoope for my Munckie when I am married, my wife will haue the leſſe miſſe of mee: Heere will I haue the ſtatue of ſome excellent Poet, and I will haue his Noſe goe with a Vice (as I haue ſeene the experience) And that (as if t'had taken cold i'th head,)

Rho. For want of a guilt Nightcap.

D'ol. Bitter ſtill, ſhall like a Spout runne pure Witt all day long; and it ſhalbe fedd with a Pipe brought at my charge, from *Hebcon*, ouer the Alpes, and vnder the Sea by the braine of ſome great Enginer: and I thinke twill do excellent.

Mug. No queſtion of that, my Lord.

D'ol. Well, now Witts about your ſeueral charges touching my Ambaſſage: *Rhoderique*, is my Speach put out to making?

Rho. Its almoſt done.

D'ol. T is well, tell him he ſhall haue fourtie Crownes; promiſſe, promiſſe; want for no promiſing: And well remembred, haue I ere a Gentleman Vſher yet: a ſtrange thing, amongſt all my followers, not one has witt enough to be a Gentleman Vſher, I muſt haue one ther's no remedie; Fare-well: haue a care of my Followers, all but my pettie Broker, heele ſhift for him ſelfe.

Rho. Well, let vs alone for your followers. *Exeunt.*

D'ol. Well ſaid, deſerue and ſpie out *Manet D'olive.*

Amb. Me thanke your Lordſhip.

D'ol. Heauen I beſeech thee, what an abhominable ſort of Followers

Followers haue I put vpon mee: Theſe Courtiers feed on'am with my countenaunce: I can not looke into the Cittie, but one or other makes tender of his good parts to me, either his Language, his Trauaile, his Intelligence, or ſomething: Gentlemen ſend me their younger Sonnes furniſht in compleat, to learne faſhions for-ſooth; as if the riding of fiue hundred miles, & ſpending 1000. Crownes would make'am wiſer then God meant to make'am. Others with-child with the trauailing humor, as if an Aſſe for going to *Paris*, could come home a Courſer of *Naples*: Others are poſſeſt with the humor of Gallantrie, fancie it to be the onelie happineſſe in this world, to be enabled by ſuch a coolor to carrie a Feather in his Creſt, weare Gold-lace, guilt Spurs, & ſo ſets his fortunes ont: Turnes two or three Tenements into Trunckes, and creepes home againe with leſſe then a Snayle, not a Houſe to hide his head in: Three hundred of theſe Gold-finches I haue entertaind for my Followers; I can go in no corner, but I meete with ſome of my Wifflers in their accoutraments; you may heare'am halfe a mile ere they come at you, and ſmell'am halfe an hower after they are paſt you; ſixe or ſeauen make a perfect Morrice-daunce; they need no Bells, their Spurs ſerue their turne: I am aſhamd to traine'am abroade, theyle ſay I eattie a whole Forreſt of Feathers with mee, and I ſhould plod afore'am in plaine ſtuffe, like a writing Schole-maiſter before his Boyes when they goe a feaſting: I am afraid of nothing but I ſhall be Ballated, I and all my Wifflers: But its no matter, Ile faſhion'am, Ile ſhew'am faſhions: By heauen Ile giue three parts of'am the ſlipp, let'am looke fort; and yet to ſay trueth, I ſhall not need, for if I can but linger my Iorney another moneth, I am ſure I ſhall mute halfe my Feathers; I feele'am begin to weare thinne alreadie: There's not tenne Crownes in twentie a their purſes: And by this light, I was told at Court, that my greaſie Hoſt of the Porcupine laſt Holiday, was got vp to the eares in one of my Followers Satten ſuites; And *Vandome* went ſo farre, that he ſwore he ſaw two of them hang'd: My ſelfe indeed paſsing yeſterday by the *Fripperie*, ſpide two of them hang out at a ſtall with a gambrell thruſt from ſhoulder to ſhoulder, like a

dull

Sheepe that were new flead: Tis not for nothing that this Pettie Broker followes me: The Vulture smels a pray; not the Carcases, but the Cases of some of my deceassed Followers; S'light, I thinke it were my wisest course, to put tenne pounds in stocke with him, and turne pettie Broker; certainelie there's good to be done vpon't; if we be but a day or two out of towne heele be able to load euerie day a fresh Horse with Satten suites, and send them backe hither: indeed tis like to be hot trauaile, and therefore t'wilbe an ease to my Followers to haue their cloathes at home afore'am; Theyle on, get off how they can: Little know they what Pikes their Feathers must passe: Before they goe the Sergeants, when they come home the Surgeons: but chuse them, Ile wash my hands on'am. *Exit.*

FINIS ACTVS TERTII.

ACTVS QVARTI. Scæna prima.

Vandome solus.

MY Sisters Exequies are now performed
With such pompe as expresst the excellence
Of her Lords loue to her: And sirde the enuie
Of our great Duke, who would haue no man equall
The honour he does t'his adored wife:
And now the Earle (as he hath promist mee)
Is in this sad Cell of my honord Mistresse,
Vrging my loue to faire *Euryone*,
Which I framde, onely to bring him abrode,
And (if it might succeed) make his affectes
With change of obiectes, change his helples sorrow
To helpfull loue: I stood where I obserud
Their wordes and lookes, and all that past betwixt them:
And shee hath with such cunning borne her selfe,
In fitting his affection, with pretending
Her mortified desires ther onely loue
To Vertue and her louers: and, in briefe,

Hath

Hath figurd with ſuch life my deare dead Siſter,
Enchaſing all this, with her heightned Beautie,
That I beleeue ſhe hath entangld him,
And wonn ſucceſſe to our induſtrious plot.
If he be touc't, I know it greiues his ſoule,
That hauing vndertane to ſpeake for mee,
(Imagining my loue was as I fainde)
His owne loue to her, ſhould enforce his tongue
To court her for himſelfe, and deceaue mee:
By this time, we haue tried his paſsionate blood:
If he be caught (as heauen vouchſafe he be)
Ile play a little with his Phantaſie.

Enter St. Anne.

S. Anne. Am I alone? Is there no Eye nor Eare
That doth obſerue mee? Heauen how haue I graſpt,
My Spirrits in my hart, that would haue burſt
To giue wiſht iſſue to any violent loue?
Dead Wife excuſe me, ſince I loue thee ſtill,
That liu'ſt in her, whom I muſt loue for thee:
For he that is not mou'd with ſtrongeſt paſsion
In viewing her; that man did ne're know thee:
Shee's thy ſurviuing Image: But woe's mee;
Why am I thus tranſported paſt my ſelfe?

Van. Oh, are your dull vxorious ſpirrits raiſd?
One madneſſe doth beget another ſtill.

St. Anne. But ſtay, Aduiſe mee Soule; why didſt thou light me
ouer this threſhold? was't to wrong my Brother?
To wrong my Wife, in wronging of my Brother?
Ile die a miſerable man: No villane:
Yet in this caſe of loue, who is my Brother?
Who is my Father? Who is any kinn?
I care not, I am neareſt to my ſelfe:
I will purſue my Paſsion; I will haue her.

Van. Traytor, I heere arreſt thee in the names
Of Heauen, and Earth, and deepeſt *Acheron*:
Loues traytor, Brothers; traytor to thy Wife.

S. Anne. O Brother, ſtood you ſo neare my dishonour?
Had you forborne awhile, all had been chang'd:
You know the variable thoughts of Loue,
You know the vſe of Honour, that will euer
Retire into it ſelfe; and my iuſt blood
Shall rather flow with Honour then with Loue:
Be you a happie Louer, I a friend,
For I will die for loue of her and thee.

Vand. My Lord and brother, Ile not challenge more,
In loue and kindnes then my loue deſernes,
That you haue found one whom your hart can like:
And that One, whom we all ſought to preferre,
To make you happie in a life renewde:
It is a heauen to mee, by how much more
My hart imbrac't you for my Siſters loue:
Tis true, I did diſſemble loue t'*Euryone*,
To make you happie in her deare affection,
Who more dotes on you, then you can on her:
Enioy *Euryone*, ſhee is your owne,
The ſame that euer my deare Siſter was:
And heauen bleſſe both your loues as I releaſe
All my faind loue, and intereſt to you.

S. Anne. How Noblie hath your loue deluded mee?
How iuſtlie haue you beene vniuſt to mee?
Let mee embrace the Oracle of my good,
The Author and the Patron of my life.

Vand. Tuſh, betwixt vs my Lord, what need theſe tearmes?
As if we knew not one another yet?
Make ſpeed my Lord, and make your Nuptials ſhort,
As they are ſodaine bleſt in your deſires.

S Anne. Oh I wiſh nothing more then lightning haſt.

Van. Stay, one word firſt my Lord; You are a ſweet brother
To put in truſt, and woo loue for another?

S. Anne. Pray thee no more of that.

Vand. Well then be gone, *Exit S. Anne.*
my Lord, her brother comes. *Enter Vaum.*

Vaum. Moſt happie Friend,

How

How hath our plot succeeded?

Vand. Hee's our owne.
His blood was framde for euerie shade of vertue,
To rauish into true inamourate fire:
The Funerall of my Sister must be held
With all solemnitie, and then his Nuptialls,
With no lesse speed and pompe be celebrate.

Vaum. What wonders hath your fortunate spirrite & vertues
Wrought to our comforts? Could you crowne th'enchantments
Of your diuine Witte with another Spell,
Of powre to bring my Wife out of her Cell,
You should be our quicke *Hermes*, our *Alcides*.

Vand. Thats my next lobour: come my Lord, your selfe
Shall stand vnseene, and see by next morns light
(Which is her Bedtime) how my Braines-bould valoure
Will rouse her from her vowes seueritie:
No Will, nor Powre, can withstand Bollicie. *Exit.*

Enter D'olive, Pacque, Dique.

D'ol. Welcome little Witts, are you hee my Page *Pacque* here
Makes choice of, to be his fellow Coch-horse?

Diq. I am my Lord.

D'ol. What Countrie man?

Diq. Borne i'th Cittie.

Pac. But begot i'th Court: I can tell your Lordship, he hath had as good Court breeding, as anie Impe in a Countrie: If your Lordship please to examine him in anie part of the Court Accidence, from a Noune to an Interiection, Ile vndertake you shall finde him sufficient.

D'ol. Saist thou so little Witt: Why then Sir, How manie Pronounes be there?

Diq. Faith my Lord there are more, but I haue learned but three sorts; the Goade, the Fulham, and the Stop-kater-tre, which are all demonstratiues, for heere they be: There are Relatiues too, but they are nothing without their Antecedents.

D'ol. Well said, little Witt: Faith, How manie Antecedents are there?

Dig. Faith my Lord, their number is vncertaine; but they that are, are either Squires, or Gentlemen vshers.

D'ol. Verie well said: when all is done, the Court is the onely Schoole of good education; especially for Pages and Waighting women; *Paris*, or *Padua*, or the famous Schoole of England called *Winchester*, famous (I meane) for the Goose, Where Schollers weare Petticoates so long, till their Pean and Inckhorns knocke against their knees: All these I say, are but Belfries to the Bodie or Schoole of the Court: Hee that would haue his Sonne proceed Doctor in three dayes, let him sende him thither; there's the Forge to fashion all the parts of them: There they shall learne the true vse of their good Partes indeed.

Pac. Well my Lord, you haue said well for the Court, What sayes your Lordshippe now to vs Courtiers, Shall we goe the voyage?

D'ol. My little *Hermophrodite*, I entertaine you heere into my Chamber; and if need be, nearer: your seruice you know. I will not promise Mountaines, nor assure you Annuities of fourtie or fiftie Crownes; in a word, I will promise nothing: but I will be your good Lord, do you not doubt.

Dig. We do not my Lord, but are sure you will shew your selfe Noble: and as you promise vs nothing, so you will Honorably keepe promise with vs, and giue vs nothing.

D'ol. Prettie little Witt, y'faith: Can he verse?

Pac. I and sett too, my Lord: Hee's both a Setter and a Verser.

D'ob Prettie in faith: but I meane, has he a vaine Naturall?

Pac. O my Lord, it comes from him as easelie,

Dig. As Suites from a Courtier, without money: or money from a Cittizen without securitie, my Lord.

D'o. Wel, I perceiue nature has suited your Witts: & he suite you in Guarded coates, answerable to your Witts: for Witt's as suitable to guarded Coates, as Wisedome is to welted Gownes. My other Followers Horse themselues: my selfe will horse you. And now tell me (for I will take you into my bosome) What's the opinion of the many headed Best touching my new edition

of Honour?

Diq. Some thinke, my Lord, it hath giuen you addition of pride, and ouercuidance.

D'ol. They are deceaud that thinke so: I must confesse, it would make a Foole proude: but for me, I am *semper idem*.

Pac. We beleeue your Lordship.

D'ol. I finde no alteration in my selfe in the world, for I am sure I am no wiser then I was, when I was no Lord, nor no more bountifull, nor no more honest; onely in respect of my state, I assume a kinde of State, to receiue Suters now, with the Nodd of Nobilitie: not (as before) with the Cappe of courtesie; the knee of Knighthood: And why knee of Knighthood, little Witte? there's another Question for your Court Accidence.

Diq. Because Gentlemen, or Yeomen, or Peasantes, or so, receiue Knighthood on their knees.

Pac. The signification of the Knee of Knighthood in Heraldie an't please your Lordship, is, that Knights are tyed in honour to fight vp to the knees in blood, for the defence of faire Ladyes.

D'ol. Verie good: but if it be so, what honour doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood?

Diq. Purchase their Knighthood my Lord? Mary I thinke they come truely by't, for they pay well for't.

D'ol. You cut mee off by the knees, little Witte: but I say, (if you will heare mee) that if they deserue to be Knighted, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting vp to the knee, What doe they deserue, that purchase their Knighthood with fighting aboue the knee?

Pac. Mary my Lord, I say the purchase is good, if the conueyance will hold water.

D'ol. VVhy this is excellent: by heauen twentie poundes annuitie shal not purchase you from my heeles. But foorth now: VVhat is the opinion of the world touching this new Honour of mine? Doe not Fooles enuie it?

Diq. No my Lord, but wise men wonder at it: you hauing so buried your wisedome heretofore in Tauernes, and Vaulting-

houses,

houſes, that the world could neuer diſcouer you to be capable of Honour.

D'ol. As though *Achilles* could hide himſelfe vnder a Womans clothes: was he not diſcouered at firſt? This Honor is like a Woman, or a Crocadile (chuſe you whether) it flies them that follow it; and followes them that flie it: For my ſelfe, how euer my worth, for the time kept his bedd; yet did I euer prophecie to my ſelfe that it would riſe, before the Sun-ſet of my dayes: I did euer dreame, that this head was borne to beare a breadth, this ſhoulder to ſupport a State, this face to looke bigg, this bodie to beare a preſence, theſe feete were borne to be reuellers, and theſe Calues were borne to be Courtiers: In a word, I was borne Noble, and I will die Noble: neither ſhall my Nobilitie periſh with death; after ages ſhall reſounde the memorie thereof, while the Sunne ſets in the Eaſt, or the Moone in the Weſt.

Pac. Or the Seuen Starres in the North.

D'ol. The Siege of *Bullaine* ſhall be no more a landmarke for Times: Agencourt Battaile, S. Iames his Fielde, the loſſe of Calice, & the winning of Cales, ſhal grow out of vſe: Men ſhal reckon their yeares, Women their marriages, from the day of our Ambaſſage: As, I was borne, or married two, three, or foure yeares before the great Ambaſſage. Farmers ſhall count their Leaſes from this day, Gentlemen their Morgages from this day: Saint *Dennis* ſhall be rac't out of the Kallender, and the day of our Enſtalment enterd in redd letters: And as St. *Valentine* day is fortunate to chooſe Louers, St. *Lukes* to chooſe Husbandes; So ſhall this day be to the chooſing of Lordes: It ſhall be a Critticall day, a day of Note: In that day it ſhall be good to quarrell, but not to fight: They that Marrie on that day, ſhall not repent; marie the morrow after perhappes they may: It ſhall be holſome to beat a Sergeant on that day: Hee that eates Garlicke on that morning, ſhall be a rancke Knaue till night.

Diq. What a day will this be, if it hold?

D'ol. Hold! S'foote it ſhall hold, and ſhall be helde ſacred to immortalitie: for all the Chroniclers, Ballet makers, and

Almanacke

Alasnoe thinges, do what they dare.

Enter Rhodericke.

Rhod. S'foote (my Lord) all's dasht, your voyage is ouerthrowne.

D'ol. What ayles the frantick Rod.

Rhod. The Lady is entombde, that was the Subiect of your Ambassage: and your Ambassage is betraid.

Pac. *Dido* is dead, and wrapt in lead.

Dig. O heauy hersel.

Pac. Your Lordships honor must waite vpon her.

Dig. O scurvie veriet! Your Lordship's welcome home: pray let's walke your horse my Lord.

D'ol. A pretie gullery. Why my little wits, doe you beleeue this to be true?

Pac. For my part my Lord, I am of opinion you are guld.

Dig. And I am of opinion that I am partly guilte of the same.

Enter Muge.

Muge. Where's this Lord foole here? S'light you haue made a pretie peece of seruice an't: raised vp all the countrey in gold lace and feathers; and now with your long stay, there's no employment for them.

D'ol. Good still.

Muge. S'light I euer tooke thee to be a hammer of the right feather: but I durst haue layde my life, no man could euer haue eramd such a Gudgeon as this downe the throate of thee: To create thee a Christmas Lord, and make thee laughter for the whole Court: I am ashamde of my selfe that euer I chusde such a Grossebiecke to whet my wits on.

D'ol. Good wit y faith.

I know all this is but a gullery now: But since you haue presumde to go thus farre with me, come what can come to the State, sincke or swimme, Ile be no more a father to it, nor the Duke; nor for the world wade one halfe steppe further in the action.

Pac. But now your Lordship is gone, what shall become of your followers?

D'ol. Followers? let them follow the Court as I haue done: there let them raise their fortunes: if not, they know the way to the petie Brokers, there let them shift and hang. *Exit cum suis.*

Rhod. Here we may strike the *Plaudite* to our Play, my Lord foole's gone: all our audience will forsake us.

Mug. Page, after, and call him againe.

Rho. Let him go: Ile take vp some other foole for the Duke to employ: euery Ordinary affoords fooles enow: and didst not see a paire of Gallants sit not far hence like a couple of Boughpots to make the roome smell?

Mug. Yes, they are gone: But what of them?

Rhod. Ile presse them to the Court: or if not do he, our Muse is not so barren, but she is able to deuise one tricke or other to retire *D'oline* to Court againe.

Mug. Indeed thou toldst me how gloriously he apprehended the fauour of a great Lady in Prefence, whose hart (he said) stood a tipto in her eye to looke at him.

Rhod. Tis well remembred.

Mug. O, a Loue-letter from that Ladie would retriue him as sure as death.

Rhod. It would of mine honor: Weele faine one from her instantly: Page, fetch pen and inke here. *Exit Pag.*

Mug. Now do you & your Muse engender: my barren skonce shall prompt something.

Rhod. Soft then: The Lady *Ieronime*, who I said viewed him so in the Presence, is the Venus that must enamour him: Weele go no further for that. But in what likenesse must he come to the Court to her now? As a Lord he may not: in any other shape he will not.

Mug. Then let him come in his owne shape like a gull.

Rhod. Well, disguisde he shall be: That shall be his mistrisses direction: this shall be my Helicon: and from this quiuer will I draw the shaft that shall wound him.

Mug. Come on: how wilt thou begin?

Rhod. Faith thus: Deerely Beloued.

Mug. Ware ho, that's prophane.

Rhod.

Rhod. Go to then: Diuine Deuice, I am sure thats not prophane.

Mug. Well, forward:

Rhod. I see in the powre of thy beauties,

Mug. Breake of your period, and say, I was with a sigh.

Rhod. Content: here's a full pricke stands for a teare too.

Mug. So, now take my braine.

Rhod. Poure it on.

Mug. I talke like a foole, but alas thou art wise and silent.

Rhod. Excellent: And the more wise, the more silent.

Mug. That's something common.

Rhod. So should his mistris be.

Mug. That's true indeed: Who breakes way next?

Rhod. That will I sir: But alas, why art not thou noble, that thou mightst match me in Blood?

Mug. Ile answer that for her.

Rhod. Come on.

Mug. But thou art noble, though not by birth, yet by creation.

Rhod. Thats not amisse: forth now: Thy wit proues thee to be a Lord; thy presence showes it: O that word Presence, has cost me deare.

Mug. Well said, because she saw him with Presence.

Rhod. O do but say thou lou'st me.

Mug. Soft, there's too many OOs.

Rhod. Not a whit: O's but the next doore to P. And his mistris may vse her O with with modestie: or if thou wilt, Ile stop it with another brachish teare.

Mug. No, no, let it runne on.

Rhod. O do but say thou lou'st me, and yet do not neither, and yet do.

Mug. Well said, let that last stand; let him doe in any case: now say thus, do not appeare at Court.

Rhod. So.

Mug. At least in my companie.

Rhod. Well.

Mug. At best before strikes.

Rhod. Why so?

Mug. For the flame will breake forth.

Rhod. Go on: thou doest well.

Mug. Where there is fire ith harth:

Rhod. What then?

Mug. There will be smoke ith chimney.

Rhod. Forth.

Mug. Warme, but burne me not: there's reason in all things.

Rhod. Well said, now doe I vse it. Come to my chamber betwixt two and three.

Mug. A very good number.

Rho. But walk not vnder my window: if thou dost, come disguisde: in any case wear not thy taffeta cloke: if thou doest, thou killest me.

Mug. Well said, now to the *L'envoye.*

Rhod. Thine, if I were worth ought: and yet such, as it skils not whose I am if I be thine, *Ieronime*: Now for a fit Pandar to transport it, and haue at him. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI Scæna prima.

Enter Guinmont, and Pandolme.

Gui. Oh my good Lord, now will I trie my Braine,
If it can forge another golden chaine,
To draw the poore Recluse, my Honord mistris
From her darke Cell, and superstitious vow:
I oft haue heard there is a kind of feare
To fright a lingring Feuer from a man
By an imaginous feare, which may be true,
For one heate (all know,) doth driue out another,
One passion doth expell another still,
And therefore I will vse a faind distresse
To kindle furie in her frozen Breast,
That rage may fire out griefe, and so restore her
To her most sociable selfe againe.

Van. *Iuno Lucina fer opem,*
And ease my labouring house of such a care.

Vand. Marke but my Midwifery: the day is now
Some three houres old, and now her night begins:
Stand close my Lord, if she and her sad meany
Be toward sleepe, or sleeping, I will wake them
With orderly alarmes; Page? Boy? sister?
All toong-tied? all asleepe? page? sister?

Van. Alas *Vandome*, do not disturbe their rest
For pittie sake, tis yong night yet with them.

Vand. My Lord, your onely way to deale with women,
And Parrets, is to keepe them waking still.
Page? who's aboue? are you all dead here?

Dig. S'light is hell broke loose? who's there?

He looks out with a light.

Vand. A friend.

Dig. Then know this Castle is the house of woe,
Here harbor none but two distressed Ladies
Condemn'd to darknesse, and this is their iayle,
And I the Giant set to guard the same:
My name is *Dildo*. *Retrahit se.*

Vand. Sirra leaue your rogerie, and hearken to me: what Page, I say.

Dig. Tempt not disasters: take thy life: Be gone.

Redit cum lumine.

Van. An excellent villanie.

Vand. Sirra? I haue businesse of waight to impart to your Ladie.

Dig. If your businesse be of waight, let it waite till the after noone, for by that time my Ladie will be deliuered of her first sleepe: Be gone, for feare of watery meteors.

Vand. Go to sir, leaue your villany, and dispatch this newes to your Ladie.

Dig. Is your businesse from your selfe, or from some body besides?

Vand. From no body besides my selfe.

Dig. Very good: then I le tel her, here's one besides himselfe has businesse to her from no body. *Retrahit se.*

Van. A perfect yong hempstring.

Vand. Peace least he ouer heare you. *Redit Dig.*

Dig. You are not the Constable sir, are you?

Vand. Will you dispatch sir? you know me well enough, I am *Vandome.*

Eury. Whats the matter? who's there? Brother *Vandome.*

Vand. Sister?

Eury. What tempest driues you hither at such an hower?

Vand. VVhy I hope you are not going to bed, I see you are not yet vnready: if euer you will deserue my loue, let it be now, by calling forth my mistris, I haue newes for her, that touch her nearely.

Eur. VVhat is't good brother?

Van. The worst of ils: would any tongue but mine had ben the messenger.

Mar. VVhats that seruant?

Van. O Mistris come downe with all speed possible, and leaue that mournfull cell of yours, Ile shew you another place worthy of your mourning.

Mar. Speake man, my heart is armed with a mourning habit of such proofe, that there is none greater without it, to pierce it.

Vand. If you please to come downe, Ile impart what I know: if not, Ile leaue you.

Eury. VVhy stand you so at gaze sister? go downe to him. Stay bother, she comes to you.

Vand. I will take I doubt not, though her selfe be see,
There's one with her all fire, and to her spirit
I must apply my counterfeit deuice:
Stand close my Lord.

Dal. I warrant you, proceed.

Vand. Come silly mistris, where's your worthy Lord?
I know you know not, but too well I know.

Mar. Now heauen graunt all be well.

Vand. How can it be?
VVhile you poore Turtle sit and mourne at home,
Mewd in your cage, your mate he flies abroade,
O heauens who would haue thought him such a man?

Eury. Why what man brother? I beleeue my speeches will proue true of him.

Vand. To wrong such a beautie, to prophane such vertue,

and

and to proue disloyall.

Emy. Disloyall? nay neere gilde him ore with fine termes, Brother, he is a filthy Lord, and euer was, I did euer say so, I neuer knew any good sth haire, I do but wonder how you made shift to loue him, or what you saw in him to entertaine but so much as a peece of a good thought on him.

Mar. Good sister forbeare.

Emy. Truth sister, bid me not forbeare: a woman may beare, and beare, and be neuer the better thought on neither: I would you had neuer seene the eyes of him, for I know he neuer lou'd you in's life.

Mar. You wrong him sister, I am sure he lou'd me
As I lou'd him, and happie I had bene
Had I then dide, and found this hapleſſe life.

Emy. Nay let him die, and all such as he is, he lay a catterwalling not long since: O if it had bene the will of heauen, what a deare blessing had the world had in his riddance?

Vand. But had the lecher none to single out
For obiect of his light lasciuious blood,
But my poore cosin that attends the Dutcheſſe, Lady *Iaquine?*

Emy. What, that blaberlipt blouse?

Vand. Nay no blouse, sister, though I must confeſſe
She comes farre short of your perfection.

Emy. Yes by my troth, if she were your cosin a thousand times, shees but a sallow freckled face peece when she is at the best.

Vand. Yet spare my cosin, sister, for my sake,
She merits milder censure at your hands,
And euer held your worth in noblest termes.

Emy. Faith the Gentlewoman is a sweete Gentlewoman of her selfe, I must needs giue her her due.

Vand. But for my Lord your husband, honor'd mistris,
He made your beauties and your vertues too,
But foyles to grace my cosins, had you seene
His amorous letters,
But my cosin presently will tell you all, for she reiects his suite, yet laduiſde her to make a shew she did not. But point to meet him when you might surprise him, and this is luſt the houre.

Emy.

Eury. Gods my life sister, loose not this aduantage, it will be a good Trumpe to lay in his way vpon any quarrell: Come, you shall get S'bodie will your suffer him to disgrace you in this sort? dispraise your beautie? And I do not think too, but he has bin as bold with your Honor, which aboue all earthly things should be deerest to a woman.

Vand. Next to her Beautie.

Eury. True, next to her beautie: and I doe not thinke sister, but hee deuiseth slaunders against you, euen in that high kinde.

Vand. Infinite, infinite.

Eury. And I beleeue I take part with her too: would I knew that yfaith.

Vand. Make your account, your share's as deepe as hers: when you see my cosin, sheele tell you all: weele to her presently.

Eury. Has she told you, she would tell vs?

Vand. Assurde me, on her oath.

Eury. S'light I would but know what he can say: I pray you brother tell me.

Vand. To what end? twill but stirre your patience.

Eury. No I protest: when I know my cariage to be such, as no staine can obscure, his slaunders shall neuer moue me, yet would I faine know what he faines.

Vand. It fits not me to play the gossips parts weel to my cosin, sheele relate all.

Eury. S'light what can she say? pray let's haue a taste an't onward.

Vand. What can he not say, who being drunke with lust, and surfetting with desire of change, regards not what he layes: and briefly I will tell you thus much now; Let my melancholy Lady (sayes he) hold on this course till she waste her selfe, and consume my reuenew in Tapers, yet this is certaine, that as long as she has that sister of hers at her elbow.

Eury. Me? why me? I bid defiance to his foule throate.

Vaum. Hold there *Vandome*, now it begins to take.

Eury. What can his yellow iealousie surmise against me? if you loue me, let me heare it: I protest it shall not moue me.

Vand.

Vand. Marry forſooth, you are the ſhooing horne, he ſayes, to draw on, to draw on ſiſter.

Eury. The ſhooing horne with a vengeance? what's his meaning in that?

Vand. Nay I haue done, my coſin ſhall tell the reſt: come ſhall we go?

Eury. Go by heauen you bid me to a banquet: ſiſter, reſolue your ſelfe, for you ſhall go; looſe no more time, for you ſhall abroade on my life: his licorice chaps are walking by this time: but for heauens ſweete hope what meanes he by that ſhooing horne? As I liue it ſhall not moue me.

Vand. Tell me but this, did you euer breake betwixt my miſtris and your ſiſter here, and a certaine Lord ith Court?

Eury. How? breake?

Vand. Go to, you vnderſtand me: haue not you a Petrarch in Italian?

Eury. Petrarch? yes, what of that?

Van. Well, he ſayes you can your good, you may be waiting woma to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices.

Eury. Marry hang him, good offices? S'foot how vnderſtands he that?

Vand. As when any Lady is in priuate courtſhip with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helpes to entertaine time, you vnderſtand his meaning?

Eury. Siſter if you reſolue to go, ſo it is: for by heauen your ſtay ſhall be no barre to me, Ile go, that's infallible; it had bene as good he had ſlandered the diuell: ſhooing horne? O that I were a man for's ſake.

Vand. But to abuſe your perſon and your beautie too: a grace wherein this part of the world is happie: but I ſhall offend too much.

Eury. Not me, it ſhall neuer moue me.

Vand. But to ſay, ye had a dull eye, a ſharpe noſe (the viſible markes of a ſhrow) a drie hand, which is a ſigne of a bad liuer, as he ſaid you were; being toward a husband too: this was intolerable.

Vanm. This ſtrikes it vp to the head.

Vand. Indeed he ſaid you dreſt your head in a preete ſtrange

 faſhion,

fashion: but you would dresse your husbands head in a fat stranger; meaning the Count of saint Anne I thinke.

Eury. Gods precious, did he touch mine honor with him?

Vand. Faith nothing but that he weares blacke, and sayes tis his mistris colours: and yet he protests that in his eye your face shewes well enough by candle light, for the Count neuer saw it otherwise, vnlesse twere vnder a maske, which indeed he sayes he comes you aboue all things.

Eury. Come Page, go along with me, Ile stay for no body: Tis at your cosins chamber, is it not?

Vand. Marry is it, there you shall find him at it.

Eury. That's enough: let my sister go waste his reuenew in tapers, twill be her owne another day.

Mar. Good sister, seruant, if euer there were any loue or respect to me in you both.

Eury. Sister? there is no loue, nor respect, nor any coniuration, shall stay me: and yet by my part in heauen, Ile not be moued a whit with him: you may retire your selfe to your old coll, and there waste your eyes in teares, your heart in sighes, Ile away certaine.

Van. But soft, let's agree first what course we shal take when we take him.

Eury. Marry euen raise the streetes on him, and bring him forth with a flocke of boyes about him, to whoote at him.

Vand. No, that were too great a dishonor: Ile put him out on's paine presently. *Stringit ensem.*

Pag. Nay good sir spare his life, cut of the offending part, and saue the Count.

Mar. Is there no remedie? must I breake my vow?
Stay Ile abroad, though with another aime
Not to procure, but to preuent his shame.

Van. Go Page, march on, you know my cosins chamber,
My company may wrong you, I will crosse
The nearer way, and set the house afore you:
But sister see you be not mou'd for Gods sake.

Eury. Not I by heauen: Come sister, be not moued,
But if you spare him, may heauen neuer spare you. *Exeunt man.*

Vand. So now the solemne votary is reuiu'd. *Van. & Van.*

Vanm. Pray heauen you haue not gone a ſtep too farre,
And raiſde more ſprites, then you can coniure downe.

Vand. No my Lord, no, Herculean labor's paſt,
The vow is broke, which was the end we ſweat for,
The reconcilement will meet of it ſelfe:
Come let's to Court, and watch the Ladies chamber,
Where they are gone with hopefull ſpleene to ſee you.

Enter Roderique, Mugeron, D'olive in diſguiſe toward the Ladies chamber.

Rhod. See *Mugeron*, our counterfait letter hath taken: who's yonder think'ſt?

Mug. 'Tis not *Dolive*.

Rhod. If't be not he, I am ſure hee's not farre off:
Thoſe be his treſſels that ſupport the motion.

Mug. 'Tis he by heauen, wrapt in his careleſſe cloke:
See the Duke enters: Let him enioy the benefite of the inchanted Ring, and ſtand a while inuiſible; at our beſt opportunitie weele diſcouer him to the Duke.

Enter Duke, Dutcheſſe, Saint Anne, Vanmont, Vandome, to them Digne, whiſpering Vandome in the eare, and ſpeakes as on the other ſide.

Dig. *Monſieur Vandome*, yonders no Lord to be found: my Ladie ſtayes at hand and craues your ſpeech.

Vand. Tell her ſhe miſtook the place, and conduct her hither: How will ſhe looke when ſhe findes her expectation mockt now? *Exit Dig.*

Vanm. What's that, *Vandome*?

Vand. Your wife and ſiſter are comming hither, hoping to take you and my coſin together.

Van. Alas, how ſhall we appeaſe them, when they ſee themſelues ſo deluded?

Van. Let me alone, and ſtand you off my Lord:

Enter Mar: and Eurione.

Madame, y'are welcome to the Court: doe you ſee your Lord

yonder? I haue made him happie by training you forth: In a word, all I said was but a traine to draw you from your vext: Nay, there's no going backe: Come forward and keepe your temper. Sister, cloud not you your forhead: yonder's a Sunne will cleare your beauties I am sure. Now you see the shooing-horne is expounded: all was but a shooing-horne to draw you hither: now shew your selues women, and say nothing.

Phil. Let him alone awhile *Vandome*: who's there? what whisper you?

Vand. Y'aue done? come forward:
See here my Lord, my honorable mistris,
And her faire sister, whom your Highnesse knowes
Could neuer be importunde from their vowes
By prayer, or th'earnest sutes of any friends,
Now hearing false report that your faire Dutchesse
Was dangerously sicke, to visit her,
Did that which no friend else could winne her to,
And brake her long kept vow with her repaire.

Duke. Madam you do me an exceeding honor,
In shewing this true kindnesse to my Dutchesse,
Which she with all her kindnesse will requite.

Vand. Now my good Lord, the motion you haue made, *To*
With such kind importunitie by your selfe, *S.An.*
And seconded with all perswasions
On my poore part, for mariage of this Ladie,
Her selfe now comes to tell you she embraces,
And (with that promise made me) I present her.

Emy. Sister, we must forgiue him.

S.An. Matchlesse Ladie,
Your beauties and your vertues haue atchiu'd
An action that I thought impossible,
For all the sweete attractions of your sex,
In your conditions, so to life resembling
The grace and fashion of my other wife:
You haue reuiu'd her to my loning thoughts,
And all the honors I haue done to her,
Shall be continude (with increase) to you.

Mug. Now let's discusse our Ambassador, my Lord.

Duke. Do so, *Exeunt. D'olive.*

Mug. My Lord? my Lord Ambassador?

D'ol. My Lord foole, am I not?

Mug. Go to, you are he: you cannot cloke your Lordshippe from our knowledge.

Rho. Come, come; could *Achilles* hide himselfe vnder a womans clothes? Greatnesse will shine through clouds of any disguise.

Phil. Who's that *Rhoderique?*

Rho. *Monsieur D'olive*, my Lord. Stolne hither disguisde, with what minde we know not.

Mug. Neuer striue to be gone sir: my Lord, his habite confounds his heart: twere good he were searcht.

D'olive. Well rookes wel, Ile be no longer a blocke to whet your dull wits on: My Lord, my Lord, you wrong not your selfe onely, but your whole state, to suffer such vlcers as these to gather head in your Court: neuer looke to haue any action sort to your honor, when you suffer such carewigs to creepe into your eares thus.

Phil. What's the matter *Rhoderique?*

Rho. Alas my Lord, only the lightnesse of his braine, because his hopes are lost.

Mug. For our parts, we haue bene trustie and secret to him in the whole manage of his ambassage.

D'ol. Trustie? a plague on you both, there's as much trust in a common whore as in one of you: and as for secrecy, there's no more in you then in a profest Scriuener.

Vand. Why a Scriuener, *Monsieur D'olive?*

D'ol. Marry sir a man cannot trust him with borrowing so much as poore sortie shillings, but he will haue it knowne to all men by these presents.

Vand. Thats true indeed, but you employed these gentlemen very safely.

D'olive. Employed? I mary sir, they were the men that first kindled this humor of employment in me: a pox of employment I say: it has cost me, but what it has cost me, it skils not: they haue thrust vpon me a crew of thredbare, vnbutton'd fellowes,

to be my followers: Taylers, Peppers, Brokers, cathcord Clarks, Petrifoggers, and I know not who I: S'light I thinke they haue ſwept all the bowling alles ith citie for them: and a crew of theſe, rakt like old ragges out of dunghils by candle light, haue they preſented to me in very good fashion, to be gentlemen of my traine, and ſolde them hope of raiſing their fortunes by me: A plague on that phraſe, Raiſing of fortunes, it has vndone more men then ten dicing houſes? Raiſe their fortunes with a vengeance? And a man will play the foole and be a Lord, or be a foole and play the Lord, he ſhall be ſure to want no followers, ſo there be hope to raiſe their fortunes. A burning feuer light on you, and all ſuch followers. S'foote they ſay followers are but ſhadowes, that follow their Lords no longer then the ſun ſhines on them: but I finde it not ſo: the ſunne is ſet vpon my employment, and yet I cannot ſhake off my ſhadowes; my followers grow to my heeles like kibes, I cannot ſtir out of doores for am. And your grace haue any employment for followers, pray entertaine my companie: theyle ſpend their bloud in your ſeruice, for they haue little elſe to ſpend; you may ſoone raiſe their fortunes.

Phil. Well *Monſieur D'oliue*, your forwardneſſe
In this intended ſeruice, ſhall well know
What acceptation it hath wonne it ſelfe
In our kind thoughts: nor let this ſodaine change
Diſcourage the deſignements you haue laid
For our States good: reſerue your ſelfe I pray,
Till fitter times: meane time will I ſecure you
From all your followers: follow vs to Court.
And good my Lords, and you my honor'd Ladies,
Be all made happie in the worthy knowledge
Of this our worthy friend *Monſieur D'oliue.*

Omnes. Good *Monſieur D'oliue.* *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus quinti & vltimi.

ACTORS.

Monſieur D'oliue.
Philip the Duke.
S. Anne Count.
Vaumont Count.
Vandome.
Rhodoricke.
Mugeron.
Pacque, } two pages.
Dicque, }

Gueaquin the Dutcheſſe.
Hieronime Ladie.
Marcellina Counteſſe.
Eurione her ſiſter.